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THE HOUSE BUILDING
AND OTHER POEMS

MARSHALL BRUCE WILLIAMS



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THE HOUSE BUILDING
AND OTHER POEMS



THE
HOUSE BUILDING

AND OTHER POEMS

BY
MARSHALL BRUCE WILLIAMS

AUTHOR OF
"THE STRATEGY OF NATURE"

LONDON
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POEMS

THE REFORMER

As a poet, happy, free ;
I will chant the world to Thee !
Round the world rolls like a sun !
To-morrow's a new day begun !
Life, love and jovial gaiety,
Are blessings Three !

Long I in my Spirit wrought—
Pondered all the world in Thought—
Wrestled with the Age-Desire—
Passed not unscathed through the fire !
Now enfranchised, happy, free :
These great Three I chant with Thee !

THE REFORMER

Thought on thought in sadness rose—
Much I pondered all men's woes—
To my own I paid no heed—
Yet had I the greater need !
So consuming nights and days,
Forgot the ancient world to praise !
But now no longer sad, nor stupid !
By mine own folly am refuted :
And repentant praise the Morn,
The sun and all things that are born.

The world was not made in one day !
Nor in one day will pass away !
Reform all ages still must see !
Thy own reform best suiteth Thee !
Then sing with me, "Round rolls the sun !
Another still beyond that one !
And so on infinitely.
And each is great in its degree !
As we, when we the wisdom see,
Of chanting, gaily, carelessly,
Life, love and jovial gaiety
Are blessings Three !"

EXFOLIATION

MANY hived peoples that dwell, on the edge of a planet
new !

How will ye face the problems, that rise from the deep
on your view ?

Safeguard the rights of the Many, guardian the dues
of the Few ?

Bind the wide planet in One, Science and Thought
and Art ?

Give to each part of the One, its measure of hand and
heart ?

Till it blaze in the infinite sun, harmonised, Whole
and Part !

Slow mastering, Science shapes, the sphere's face
turned to the stars !

Slowly we come of age, stifling our ancient wars !

Slowly the planet is cut, with edge of the bright
plough's scars !

Out of her furrows they rise, the endless rows of the
wheat !

Out of her bowels they pass, the first dead forms of
her heat !

Out of her teeming loins, springs the man to his feet !

EXFOLIATION

Ripe in its season, each, sees its season pass !
The crib for the child asleep and the savage content
 with the glass !
The spade for the sod, but the scythe, for the ripened
 and growing grass !
Gas and monster and man, man, and the man to be !
The spiral paths we climb and the goal we may not
 see !
The planets powdered dust and the after mystery !

Scaled is Nature, degreed, fashioned in values strange !
Shifting, subtle and sweet, a vision of plastic change !
Strong and stern and swift, infinite in her range !
Praising the strong she feeds, banning the weak and
 frail !
Slaying the strong she cherished, making the weak
 prevail !
Secret, deep and secure, though millions of planets fail !

Out of One, each one began, to stand in its place in
 degree !
See that degrees are kept, that faithful to them ye be !
Out of a mob transform, by worth, the world to be !
The green earth rolls beneath, see that ye name and
 bless !
The helpless beasts pass by, see that ye slay or caress
The strong are thine to cherish, see that their sweet
 ye press !

EXFOLIATION

On a new world you gaze, as it lifts itself under your
feet !

In a new world you turn, strong and subtle and sweet !
O'er a new world you reign, see that you reign complete !

Leave not alone the Ruler, man, unruled to be !
Build him with spacious plan, making his impulse
free,
Swift to seize on the good, death to what should not
be !

Fashion the plastic clay with hands that grow in their
skill !

Mould the earth's new shapes with splendour of
chastened will !

Grind sharp the spur to good and blunt the edge of
ill !

Furrow the face of Nature with keen-edged thought of
man !

Study the end he works to, ponder the race he ran !
Out of the winding threads, spin the unfolding plan !

Infinite, spiral, upward, the seeded growths of time,
Print with their tender feet the large, calm, seas
sublime !

Delicate, press by press, the buds burst through the
rime !

EXFOLIATION

Out of the Inorganic, the Organic vision grows !
File and Captain and Chief, each the endless labour
knows !

But rank by rank, the march, of the measureless legion
flows !

Larger the growths that follow, mightier men to be,
Must master the planet riddles : the Gorgons we may
not see !

But each is great as the greatest, if great in his
degree !

Insect of coral reef or growing god of the sphere !
Microbe Captain or Master of all that on earth doth
peer !

The labour of each shall sweeten and make the
struggle clear.

Out of the ether born, the planets flashed and came !
Back to the ether worn, the planets pass again !
Dust to dust, the scorn, of Nature's teeming frame !
But out of the ether builded, facultied, formed and
wrought,

Exfoliates the seed, of Life in the ether caught,
Expands the vision, growing, with gifts its pains have
bought.

SWIFT FORMS THAT FADE AWAY

SWIFT forms that fade away,
'Mid silent fields of sense !
Soft fields of sense that sway,
Man's half omnipotence.
Still half in spite of Form,
He holds himself of Spirit ;
And battling 'mid the storm,
Would Space and Time inherit !

Strange changes he transmuteth :
Magician 'mid the strife :
Divine himself reputeth,
Yet dies in midst of Life.
The water turns to meat—
The meat to water renders—
Himself the world doth eat,
Yet to the world surrenders.

An animal he knows,
Yet speaks as God to God :
And restless tost on throes,
Still wields himself the rod.

SWIFT FORMS THAT FADE AWAY

In Thought himself derides,
Yet active, fills with pride :
In life the world bestrides ;
In death is laid aside.

What sign or thing denies him,
He restless, seeks unending :
Pursuing still what flies him,
And rising in descending.
Uncertain whence he comes !
Unknowing where he goes !
Yet climbing with the suns,
One nature through him flows.

A dream 'mid dreams contending,
That motionless remains—
A working without ending,
Divine in reach and aims—
Forethought and planned and cast—
Foredoomed to Fate foreseen—
Self-willed through time to last,
And time and space a dream.

HERE SERENE

HERE serene in peace and quiet,
With all the world at rest come lie !
Joyous that the storm and riot
Of thy youth has passèd by.
Let no more wild passions call Thee !
Believe no more hopes that betray ;
But bid Thy slumbering genius call Thee,
Genius of maturer day.

Life's second youth her powers gathering,
Leaps Antaeon from the earth !
Breed of mightier forces fathering,
Call but to you long lost mirth.
Come, no more the great world ponder !
Come, no more with problems vex !
But content with art and wonder,
Joy to feel your life and sex.

Waste no more wild youth in thinking !
Life with strenuous action filled,
Bids you take the world unwinking,
Sleep beside the Pole unchilled.

HERE SERENE

Sweet life, come love and laugh at death !
Old age come meet, alert and strong !
Life still is but unquiet breath
To those who know no mirth or song.

THE QUESTION

WHITHER away O Man?
The dark spheres tell ye nought!
Beyond the space ye scan,
Lie radiant stars uncaught!
The gas from Ether came!
The Ether! whence was it?
How rose the mighty flame?
This lies beyond thy wit!

The ceaseless whirling tides,
That all the stars obey:
Whence flows the spring that guides,
Them safely on their way?
Or when 'mid ether clashing,
Spheres thunder to their doom;
Who made the law surpassing,
That gives no unfit room?

Wide ether breeds to ether—
Soft fields to shape are grown!
But what first moved the ether,
Or reaped the fields unsown?

THE QUESTION

No answer comes to man !
No voice is there to tell,
Why first the growth we scan,
Did on the Planet dwell.

Still dual Nature goes,
Slow working out its doom,
O'er fields whose ancient throes,
First gave each planet room.
Fast forward sweep the Spheres—
Rush ever on the Stars—
The whole a dream appears,
To man amid his wars !

Yet still the key is there !
In Man and Planet hidden !
Borne onward with the Sphere—
By pulse and impulse ridden.
Still seek, who knows, the Day,
May come when all things known,
Man, master of the Play,
May see why he was grown ?

SAY! WHAT'S THE USE OF BRAWLING?

SAY! What's the use of brawling?
Quit your clamour! hold your tongue!
The larger laws are hauling,
And half the work is done!
Mankind is from the monkey,
Ascending by degrees!
He's still, 'tis true, half donkey,
But these are but the lees.

The gods divine who rule,
Through monkey have arisen;
That we in Nature's school,
Might learn to rhyme and reason.
Then quit your creeping, crawling!
Rise and lend the maul the blow!
The gods themselves are hauling:
And the gods, are in the know.

The planets are but God seed,
In fields of ether sown:
And higher orders yet must breed,
Where nought but space is known!

SAY! WHAT'S THE USE OF BRAWLING

We're children yet, our baubles,
Are good to mould and make—
But maugre all our troubles,
Why weep we? when they break.

The gods they bow before us;
But still we look behind!
Unanimous in chorus,
“We are both deaf and blind!”
Of old they started with us!
Their end it must be ours,
Though half the Gifts they give us,
We spend in wasted Hours.

Yes, gods have set the fashion,
And proved because they must,
That tender love and passion,
Can grow from lime and lust!
Then bend within your shafts there!
And mate your fellow's labour!
The air, though sharp, is tender,
That makes you love your neighbour!

By Nature were we nourished!
In Nature are we born!
With Nature have we flourished,
In spite of Nature's scorn!

SAY ! WHAT'S THE USE OF BRAWLING ?

Then learn from Nature, Art,
Religion, Life and Lust,
Have done for us their part,
In spite of Nature's dust !

Ten thousand million ages !
Behind, before, they lie !
And Nature's printed pages,
To read before we die !
Then turn to life and labour !
Quit idleness and tears,
Or gods who near you neighbour,
Will pull your silly ears !

THE CRUCIBLE

EACH sea, on the planet born—
Continent raised,
Fashioned to bear and form,
Man and his ways—
Each star in its orbit—
Man in his path—
Form self created,
Its set time hath !
Each must pass whence it came !
Vanish like flame,
In the life without Name !
Not one may avail,
When the hid indestructible,
Powers that prevail,
Have written it full.

Slaughter destructive,
Creative, forgetting
Pain, that the earth live,
Itself begetting !
Laws that were wrought
Ere Being had Being—

THE CRUCIBLE

Form was of Form sought,
Or eyes had their seeing—
Form that of Spirit wrought,
Shews doth reveal,
Of the hid, indestructible,
Powers we feel.

Count not then the dead—
Nor number the living—
Each life as it fled,
Itself was life giving !
Each thing that on earth,
Through death hath its living,
In sorrow or sunshine,
Itself is life giving.
Not one may escape—
Not one may atone,
Save by gift of its shape,
And bone of its bone.

Each change that awaits ye,
Was forethought and known !
Make ready your passage—
And sigh not nor groan.
Where ye go, go all,
That Life, Death inherit—
Man, insect, tree tall,
By Nature, not merit.

THE CRUCIBLE

Then haste ye and change ye
Make ready your turning !
The doors all are open !
And fires all are burning !
As Spirit ye enter !
As Spirit ye pass !
Yet Spirit is body,
And body is grass.
One origin common—
One Destiny kin—
One Infinite solemn,
Inviteth ye in.

THE TOAST

CLEANSE the goblet ! fill the bowl !
Life is short and life is sweet !
The stars above that turn and roll,
Like we beneath more great must creep.
Fill the goblet ! raise on high
The foaming glass and pass the toast ;
The spheres that circle in the sky
Are filled with creatures like our host.

Day, the Day is breaking ; light
Leaps along the world in waves !
Skyward mark the Dawn that bright
Proclaims an end to wine and staves.
In the grey dawn just outside,
Work for each is calling fast !
Quaff once more to life and pride !
Joy is sweet but will not last.

Love and wine, sweet sleep and kisses,
Through the night we chase away !
Love, sweet love, with all its blisses,
Must away at dawn of day.

THE TOAST

Hark ! the Watchman of the skies—
Herald Mercury on the hill—
Calls "The Day, the Day doth rise,
All the joys of night to kill."

THE CIRCLE

I HEARD the Roll of the Cosmos !
And I saw the Scheme Divine !
I heard the Planets answer !
And I knew the Answer mine !
What though we pass and repass,
And circle still the Sphere ?
The gods we knew in the grass,
As gods will reappear !

The fish that swim in the sea,
Planned the Scheme Divine !
And the buds that grow in the tree,
Burst into Life in the mine !
The men we pass and repass,
As gods forethought and planned !
And the ether ere it was gas,
Had the system seen and scanned.

A cry we hear in the darkness—
A Mariner overboard—
What matter if he bless,
Or curse the overlord ?

THE CIRCLE

His Fate is come upon him—
Out of deep, to deep he goes—
We shall meet him in the tempest,
That over our quarter blows.

On ! on, with Life and the Living !
Why care we for the dead ?
Since each to each must be giving,
Water or wine or bread !
It is better to laugh with the laughers !
Than weep with them that are sad !
If strength were shorn of beauty,
Who would have time to be glad ?

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIELD

OLYMPUS

The ancient gods seated. To them enter Jehovah.

JUPITER.

ENTER most worthy Sir. Most welcome. We are
pleased

To see you join our circle here at length.
We have been wondering, idly among ourselves,
How long 'twould be, before you ceased to propagate,
The idle and the refuse 'mong mankind. Apollo here,
More mad than most, hath had a thousand schemes,
To put an end to what he's pleased to call,
Your mischievous folly. A discontented fellow,
For ever grumbling 'less he sees the best,
But he's so little now to do, we must excuse,
His temper, rather tried. But you and he,
Must none the less be friends. To earth let's leave,
The quarrels of the gods. Mercury, some nectar
For our new guest and see all is prepared,
To make him quite forget his trials past.
Mankind may study now a little
How to improve the breed. Till then we'll sit,
And chat with friend Jehovah here a bit.

OLYMPUS

Meanwhile, dear Ganymede, will you not recite
Our heavenly reply to Kipling's song
About the "White Man's burden?"
A small theme, 'tis true, but small things must
Amuse us till more worthy pass below.

GANYMEDE

(recites after handing nectar to gods).

Take up the "White Man's burden" !
But read the stars aright !
Fair pity knows no pardon,
When pardon knows no right !
Stern Justice shall devour,
Each separate alien race,
That gives not every hour,
Stern Justice primal place.

Ye breed but Unfit still !
The Weakest still increase !
Is that the way to fill,
A planet small with peace ?
The multitudes ye breed,
With safeguard of the Law !
When Life and Light ye need,
Shall show but tooth and claw

OLYMPUS

Ye say "All life's divine :"
Go, sound the lower deeps !
Build up the mud and slime !
Call fair, each beast that creeps !
Forget degree, forsake,
Make vain the world to be—
Its life is Thine to make—
Its birth is Thy decree !

Amidst the Real, the Ideal,
Through Nature works its Art !
And Justice yet must steel,
Each weakening hand and heart !
Lest life from slime unfinished,
Betray the scheme she laid !
Her ends, by ye diminished,
Her man-child, half afraid.

Of all the many races,
That breed beneath the sun :
Weigh Thou their mien and faces,
Ere yet their day's begun !
'Tis all, not half, ye need !
'Tis half, not all, ye see !
Go, build the better breed,
That better still may be !

OLYMPUS

First search Thy House, Thine own !
They too, must feel the sword !
The seed is scattered sown,
'Tis safe to cast abroad !
The line is not of colour—
The line is not of race—
Go, guard the Ancient Mother !
From seed of helpless face.

The truest law, is kindness,
That keeps the Unfit—Unborn !
The deadliest law is blindness,
To laws that guard the Form !
The head that is not bevelled—
The brow that is not built—
All Hell is here unkennelled !
All virtue here is guilt !

The means are far to seek !
The ends are clear to view !
But every planet peak,
Looks on a world that's new !
The Gorgon-riddled earth,
Has seen as great resolved,
As that by guarded birth,
New men may be evolved.

OLYMPUS

Amidst the planets, one,
Is Thine, to mar or make !
Thyself a later sun,
That doth new life create !
Ten millions years behind ye—
Twice that in time before—
Thy ignorance to blind ye—
'Tis wisdom to explore !

JUPITER

Thanks, fair Ganymede, our messenger shall convey
Your words to men below ; may they result
In laws the breed to mend—much needed are they.

THE HOROSCOPE

IN Unity he dwells,
Of Spirit, hid unknown !
And casts alike his spells,
On matter, spirit, gnome !
Degree in every part—
Envisaged in each !
Head, hand and eye and heart ;
Beyond his Thought or speech.

From little was his start :
No microscope might see,
Beginning of each part,
In Nature's Unity.
The Circle round, complete,
From God to God, through Man—
The mixèd pain and sweet—
The Horoscope we scan !

The whole wide world in One :
A Planet shaped and made,
His dwelling 'neath the sun :
Beneath one language stayed !

THE HOROSCOPE

Fair peace and brotherhood—
Art, Love, Life, Joy and Hope—
The problem understood—
Lie not beyond his scope !

The Planet is but young—
The years are yet to reach—
Wide fields of space to come,
Must hear his larger speech !
And when the Planet old,
Beneath his footstep fail ;
In larger fields unrolled,
Shall later growths prevail !

Fair planets, one by one,
Their seed in Time shall drop :
And sow 'twixt sun and sun,
Their ripening later crop !
The same old race divine,
From Unity that came ;
And by Degree did climb,
Through Ether and through Flame.

THE SERPENT

THE world is a Serpent,
That eats its own tail !
What care I, if I am,
The corn or the flail ?
The wild woods and meadows,
That laugh in the rain ;
Shall be turned to each other,
Ere Spring come again !
The stars that all gas were,
We see now as man—
And each part of the Serpent,
As some other began.

Coiled spirally lies he,
And eats his own tail !
The symbol of symbols—
The corn and the flail—
The eater, the eaten—
The lion and lamb—
Creator, Created,—
High God and high Man.

THE SERPENT

Yea, all things that once were,
They shall be again—
Bright spirit be matter,
And mountain be main—
Dark woods flow as rivers—
Deep valleys be hills—
Deniers be givers—
And meteors, rills—
The man that we hated,
Our lover shall be,
And old earth be translated,
To new land and sea.

THE COMBAT

FACE not cowardly thy Life !
Aby lay thy blows about Thee !
Joyous still amid the strife,
Take the Gifts, the gods provide Thee !
He who stoutly fights, the gods they,
Gladly shed their gifts upon,
Cowards only, they betray,
Scornèd to oblivion.

Equal master, lord or slave—
Victor in his own degree—
If he singing his true stave,
Still rejoice that he should be !
Then within Thy region labour !
Take the Gifts the gods provide—
Victor still—true dust-born Saviour,
Of Thysèlf, by Fates defied.

Let the round world roll about !
Storm and tempest past Thee flee !
Many a brawl and many a shout,
Ere the winning there must be !

THE COMBAT

Choose thy weapon—point thy spear—
Guarded hang thy shield around—
Boldly plunge, devoid of fear,
By Eve, by Gods, the weak are bound.

O'er the battle They are ranging—
This one, that one, seize and bind—
Still with countenance unchanging,
Warring with our humankind !
By the conflict we are growing—
Without conflict we were dead—
Each one still his fate unknowing,
Warring o'er the careless dead.

If, like Hector in the fight,
Thou a god full armed dost meet ?
Beat him hence, the gods' delight,
Is the man who keeps his feet !
Taunting, bid him back to heaven !
Say " A stronger They must send : "
All things there will be forgiven,
Save the weak who backward bend.

But, if 'mid the conflict weary !
Faint ! unhelmeted ! alone !
'Ware Thee then, the gods descry,
Far off the weak, who weakly moan !

THE COMBAT

Rather, 'mid the battle singing,
Forward ! 'mid the slaughter, slay !
From your sword edge will They winging,
Yield you length of life and day.

Laws they've set, by which we're bound :
Hidden or revealed are they—
By the war-worn warrior found,
Sufficient for his little day.
But if stronger you must make,
Time's new growths in men to see !
Heroes chances you must take,
Binding old gods to your knee.

Then with courage face the strife !
Death around his harvest reaps !
War, still one with life, bids life,
Swiftly slay the weak who weeps
Pass, the battle far is raging !
Life's still conflict fills the sky !
Weak and strong, they all are waging,
Battle that—the weak may die.

THE HOUSE BUILDING

PLAIN, with ruins of ancient temples. Amid these mudsills of vast edifice. Piled ready for use huge mounds of building material. In near foreground, one temple, ruinous within, but standing fair without, shored up by beams taken from materials for new edifice. Round mounds busy toilers, each intent on his own pile, continually adding fresh material. [*Enter Poet.*]

POET

Upon the universe I ponder !
Design upon my vision grows !
Yet how oft I pause and wonder,
With a thousand ayes and noes ?
All the thoughts that frame within
Are but mirage visions thin,
Thrown like spectres from myself !
Who then safely can believe,
What he from himself doth weave ?

THE HOUSE BUILDING

VOICES ABOVE

Opening ever is the door !
Thread by thread, the spell weave in !
Ceaseless the incessant pour,
Of nature, germinates within !
Through creative minds alone,
Can the spell on man be thrown.

POET

Yet doth the genius of nature teach,
That man is builded like her, and must reach
Up to the dizzy heights of that vast Will
That doth subtend his puny shadow still.
The dual natured, many visored Whole,
That holdeth little man in its control !
Whose laws when he doth gather in his hands,
Spell out the scheme within whose midst he stands :
Make clear the action of the drama'd whole—
The Whence and Whither of his growing soul !
Yet, yet, how many a failure he has seen !
A vision weaving dream within a dream.

VOICES ABOVE

Through creative minds alone,
Can such foresight in truth be shown !

THE HOUSE BUILDING

They who creative forms conceive,
Based on nature, truth do weave !
By courage of the mind alone,
Can the spell on man be thrown.

POET

But see this vast plain where the nations gather ;
Wrapped in old thought, threadbare and patched to
keep

Some warmth within their limbs. Vast edifices,
Erected in old times of ignorance,
Their homage still receive. On the horizon,
Forgotten pinnacles of ancient fanes,
Mix with the crowd of late destroyed temples,
From out whose ruins have been new created,
By help of science here, a thousand shelters,
That are not temples, houses nor aught else,
That under the sun, mankind has seen before.
Yet shelter must they have, the fierce earth storms,
That out of the heavens over their heads do break,
The trials and the miseries of life, the mortal cares
They daily feel, require some shelter sure.
See where the scientific men their labour ply,
Adding fresh facts to heaps already piled,
All uselessly against the weary sky.
All bowed their heads, not one that looketh up,

THE HOUSE BUILDING

So burdened is he with his tale of bricks.
Like ants they work ; comparison most apt,
For each upon his single labour fixed,
Taket h time to watch the others toil.
Poor patient labourers of spade and pick !
Not one with architectural soul alive,
To ask if yet no building may be made,
From out these piles already so o'ergrown.
See each group busy, centred on itself,
As sects within the churches they have laid.
Man's destiny indeed may seem more great,
But men remain but much as aye they were.
Of men more knowledge and of science less,
Were here of some avail. But if I venture,
Mazed by their groping o'er these piles of facts,
To make suggestion of such problem here ;
They answer that the special ground of science,
The source whence reverence to it is due :
Is to believe but things that they can prove,
With line and level, compass, square and sense.
Yet they believe, how many things themselves,
Quite flat and contrary to their decree,
That put unto the proof they'd find,
It difficult to prove.

This one believes
His wife is true, when she is flatly false,
And panders with his friend. This one thinks,

THE HOUSE BUILDING

Some ribbon or some star shall fall to him,
When death hath sealed his lips to die ere night ;
And this he'll be for full life honoured, rich,
In his contemporaries' praise, when shame
Shall blight his tree, ere yet its fruit be ripe
This his estate is sound, and this his bank,
Will hold its credit 'gainst a falling world ;
And this his nation leads the groaning earth,
When dreadful war its laurels yet must seize ;
And this his children virtuous, when they smell,
Already to the vices of his youth. This one
In a God he cannot prove and that in this,
And this in that, and all with faith do prove,
They could not live an hour without it.
So contrary is man, so far removed,
From being by reason and by logic governed.
Yet when I say, "Produce some reasonable building,
From out these piles of bricks that you have got ;
Something at least within the bounds of Nature,
Something at least, her laws swear not is false ;
But which is founded on those very laws ;
Get a rough draft at least of that great truth,
The artist has designed for us in proof ;
Survey the whole, leave poring o'er the parts
Upon the mudsills by your master laid,
Rear up some pile, if but one storey high,
Wherein mankind may ease and shelter find,

THE HOUSE BUILDING

Build slowly if you must, but build at least,
When this I say and with an earnest purpose,
Declaim against their patient toil and labour,
That round and round upon its circle goes,
Like a dull horse till giddy in its brain :
They laugh at me and say I must be crazy,
To dream that science speculates on things,
That cannot be by square and compass proved,
Weighed, settled, tested, crucibled and caught
In atom seeking laboratories.”
Meanwhile the world that wants some shelter,
Swallows in spite of science,
A thousand things that she has sworn are false ;
Old superstitions and religions dim,
With hoared antiquity, because they lie
Arranged in order of sequentive whole,
Linking the man to state and state to heaven,
Merely because a building however old,
And demonstrated rotten, shelter gives,
At least of kind or promise of a shelter,
From evils that attend us as we walk
Our daily round. Courage they lack,
And that bold cast that ventures all to win,
Though arguments and reasons are as thick,
Against the course proposed, as blackberries
Upon the autumn's hedge. Columbus sure,
Had never ventured, had he had their mind,

THE HOUSE BUILDING

Or any bold discoverer of fate,
But hark the wind, brings me that fellow's voice.
I'll nearer draw and may be from his mouth
Learn they are not as dull as they do seem,
But when alone do purvey thoughts, false shame,
At other times holds dumb.

SCIENTIST

Ah, ceaseless labour, how I've learnt to love thee !
Work, still fresh work, resolveth all my doubts.
The patient universe that waits above me,
A storehouse is of ever growing facts.
New pencil lines upon the picture, I
May find, or yet the painter's name,
Hidden in some odd corner of the frame.
How difficult is life, how sure results.
How many things I've proved, how many seen
Failing the last test of analysis,
That ignorant men believe. Never will I believe,
Though Nature tempt me, the thing I cannot prove.
See how the restless bodies to and fro,
Go wandering through the shelters of old time,
Looking disdainfully on things that we
Have toiled to gather.
Speculations of the end of man ;
Wild problems of our whence ? and why ? and whither ?

THE HOUSE BUILDING

How uselessly on these men waste their time,
When all around lies truth in golden stores.
The metaphysicians too and poets, madmen,
All sorts of lunatics that think men need,
Some general conception of the whole ;
Some clear synthesis of their life and needs ;
Some sketch of the campaign, some order general,
Moving the army through the vaulted sky ;
Visions and airy fancies of the brain,
That come and go and never quite the same.
A private soldier I and ask no more,
Than with God's help to add unto my store.
Sufficient to the day the ill thereof,
And boldly would I rather naked stand
Beneath the hot sun on my pile than weave,
False concepts from a brain too prone to think
What is not true. Here comes this madman now !
Out on such pettish fellows, must they ever,
Be on this holy ground allowed to stray ?
I'd lock them all in Bedlam, where they'd be
At home with other maniacs we see.

[Enter Poet.]

POET

Hullo, labourer, toiler, grubber, nose i' the earth,
man, what new facts to-day ?

THE HOUSE BUILDING

SCIENTIST

Hullo, dreamer, madman, poet, lunatic, lover, everything but philosopher, what new dreams last night or e'en this day, for day and night, noon, sunrise, dark are all the same when you some swelled conceit would pass as truth. How now, I say! what dreams, what new mad fancy stirs your brain to-day?

POET

What swelled conceit, why that you labour usefully, that's a conceit, conceit itself might blush for.

SCIENTIST

You speak in ignorance, my labour here serves all mankind.

POET

And yet you work alone, the crowd far off,
That did at one time take your word for gospel,
Surveys you now with patient hunger written,
Upon their faces, the bread you gave was stone.

THE HOUSE BUILDING

SCIENTIST

It may be so and yet, I know not ; but
They're nought to me ; in labour's my reward.

POET

No architect among you yet.

SCIENTIST

An architect indeed, honest labourers, Sir,
Need no such idle fellow near their work.
The same old theme of which you never tire !
Fellows who think out of their own head,
To do more work than we can with our hands.
Dreamers and idlers all, beside what for ?
What need we with an architect ?

POET

Only some temple out of these piles to make ;
The mudsills in, you seem to think 'tis all
The world requires, but more, much more, must come,
If you secure your reign o'er men would see.
Yet nothing great, a first essay, some shelter,
To the vast crowd that wait upon these plains.

THE HOUSE BUILDING

Come, did you never in an idle moment weave,
Some architectural fancy from these piles
Wherein mankind might worship? Your rivals build,
Still steadily on those foundations you
Have demonstrated rotten, stealing too
Your bricks to patch their edifices old ;
Materials that agree as oil and water.
And yet all eagerly men look to you,
To shew to them some temple from these bricks,
You here so patiently have piled.

SCIENTIST

Sir, 'twere idle speculation
To do as you propose. If men need shelter,
They must shelter find where they best can,
Those buildings old are useful too,
They keep those in, that were most dangerous out.
Men are not fit for truth and that's a truth,
That even you may see. To touch the sore,
That runs not dangerously, is no part,
Of the wise man's programme. If we should touch
Too easily those things, we should in flux,
Set all adrift and down the stream of time,
Go floating to our ruin.

THE HOUSE BUILDING

POET

What would be, would be, though what would be,
Few men can see. But all is loose already.
Standards and customs hoary with old time !
The laws and regulations of the state :
Serving to keep our civil unity :
The customs of our intercourse and safety,
The roots and fibres of our stable life :
The dreams, ideals all that wins our toil :
All, all adrift upon the floating time,
Go drifting with the currents you have set,
Against the pillars of their temples old.
Quite shattered is the framework of our world,
And only slowly do new things appear :
Therefore men call on you : " Why add more stars,
To the bright character of burning heaven
If on one star you leave all things adrift ?
After yourself have set them so and moved,
Their bases from them. One house down pulled,
Doth need another, but you, who down have pulled,
The edifices of old time, proclaim,
You need no building to replace them."
So speaks the world and silently endures,
In patience your dull gifts, what mean these piles,
Unless some fabric they must yet construct ?

THE HOUSE BUILDING

These questions yet must have some time reply,
Giving the reason of state why we should die?
Why live? why work? why do those things we do?
Why make a new heaven on the old earth be
Up and away! go leave your labour here,
And answer to the world call made on you!
Your rivals are not silent, they at least,
Dole out the crumbs, while you deny the feast.

SCIENTIST

Ay! ay! mad talk, mad talk, such visionary stuff
Ever from out the poet's brain doth ooze
A sore and the world's full of them, and you
Do run with more new worlds created,
Than could in space inhabit. But here I idle,
And must request your absence from my toil,
Visions are useless and as dangerous too.
I'll nought with them.

POET

Your nature is too biassed. Man himself a vision,
On visions treads, with heavy and sure foothold.
Were a thousand moments now
To pass like one brief second. Where were you?
Gone with the pictures of your last night's dream;
All faded quite and razed from all remembrance.

THE HOUSE BUILDING

SCIENTIST

They will not do so, therefore you are wrong.

POET

Ay, but the past has gone in just that way,
And yet upon that past we firmly stand.

SCIENTIST

No doubt.

POET

I thought you had some. Can you prove,
The past was present, or do you take
Such matters on belief.

SCIENTIST

One thing only I believe, you waste my time,
And much depends upon my work to-day.
But who's yon man that runs so fast, and why
Bend here his steps? Almost I could believe
He makes to me !

THE HOUSE BUILDING

POET

Be careful of belief.
A reasonable assumption you may have, but no sure
proof.

SCIENTIST

He does, I say, and in his looks are much disturbance.
[*Enter Messenger.*

SCIENTIST

What's wrong, sir, that you stare with such strange
look ; as though a world upon your lips were hung ?

MESSENGER

If that your science can help you, let it now,
For there is more framed on my tongue to tell,
Than you will willingly hear.
You are the one that mocked at my belief,
When that my child died, and set a double edge,
On that was sore before.

SCIENTIST

Well, well, your news, though I can almost see
Death peering from you. Speak, man, and be brief.

THE HOUSE BUILDING

MESSENGER

You have a young friend, a worker too,
In these dull mounds. He was close knit,
Almost incorporate with your own life.

SCIENTIST

He was. What then?

MESSENGER

He's gone with your new wife, but ere he fled,
In haste or carelessness, did leave a train,
That fired your house.

SCIENTIST

My children are they safe?

MESSENGER

Dead too and did endure, before they were,
Much pain. Their cries I heard, but—came too late.

SCIENTIST

So! all is gone, wife! fortune! friend! And through
the last,
Whom I from boyhood reared.

THE HOUSE BUILDING

POET

It would be cruel to taunt you in your grief !
But why in these did you your faith so place ?
When all were subject thus to fortune's blow.
Such things the fell contrarities of Nature
Do oft decree. You are but one. Be manful !
And bear it !

SCIENTIST

Never again will I believe the thing I cannot prove !
Dissolve society and let thy bonds be loosed ! Loosed
to the furthest. Destruction gather thee ! Friend !
wife, and all. Fly civil codes and men return to
nature primitive. Let each one do what seems, but
is not his interest. Wild hunger swallow the large
appetited world and the fell beast that doth in all
usurp quite swallow manhood. Let vice as virtue
mask, and nature add her fell destructive, till men
return once more to beast since beasts like natures
thus, sap friendship, love and faith. Nature, that
cruel tyrant of our miseries, hath in her sport made
mock of me. Her laws confound her and her stored
wealth, that I a fool did prize, be by destruction
swallowed.

[Exit Scientist.]

THE HOUSE BUILDING

POET

Even so with faith he would have nought to do !
Yet without faith his life is seamed through.
In the wide shock of battle he has met,
A foe twice armed, and cannot pluck,
Safety from peril. To such fell accidents,
Must we oppose, a soul of proof, prepared,
To know they may be. 'Gainst the law they are
not,

For 'tis the law decrees them. The eddies they,
Of Nature's stream, in which we caught, call out,
'Gainst her main purpose ; without which we were
By her unprovided. Cruel 'tis 'tis true,
But we must learn, her destiny proposed,
And to that conform, our petty differences.
Did we that purpose know, ourselves were first,
To say "It must be." Shall we then, when rods
Fall on our backs, against that purpose rage,
Knowledge would sanction, and to which we minister,
Even in our tragedies. That were to be,
Less than our origin, and to our end, not true.
To their fell edge we must a spirit oppose,
In patience armed and pride ourselves,
She cannot inflict, what we cannot bear.
That character she shows, do we not too,
Its traits exhibit. Our injuries, not peculiar,

THE HOUSE BUILDING

Throughout her reign and thoughtless we inflict,
Like sorrow upon thousands. But for a word,
Beneath our fierceness do our foemen fall,
And pity weeps for it. Yet the same man,
Doth home with honours his fell instruments bring.
Our sport is slaughter and innocently,
Even when with tears and alms we do relieve,
The good man fallen, with our heel we press,
The life from thousands, that less fortunate,
Not equal us in size. Volcanoes swallow,
Fair populated cities and their rich merchandise,
With many thousand precious human lives,
Give all to flame. These things are familiar,
Yet custom cannot stale them, when they bring home
Their arguments to us. Knowing they may be,
Our merit is to meet them, with a like patience
armed,

As nature's self, that framed both them and us.
The suddenness is all and flesh must feel it !
That purpose that through general nature reigns,
Its own necessities doth know and we,
With reverence must bear them. To be prepared,
Were half to lose the sting. This man unfortunate,
Whom destiny has warred on, in one blow,
Laying all i' the dust, was unprepared taken,
And in extremes did dwell. The middle road
Bears best the travel. Blind faith in nought :

THE HOUSE BUILDING

But reasonable suppose, we may by foresight armed,
Rob destiny of its terrors, or at the least,
Pluck out some plumes from off its mailed casque
That nods to us from above. Somewhat's in us,
Her spells we yet may catch, that to this pass
Have brought the frame of things. Till then we'll
 bear,
What preparation cannot guard.

APHORISMS : AXIOMS

Aphorisms : Axioms :
Taxing sense and sound !
See they heal the schisms,
That in you are found.

VICTORY, not defeat,
Is treacherous to the feet.

Wouldst reverence mankind ?
Be justly, blind !

To a rich world you've come
Make it your home
Nor fly to other scenes !
Beyond's a dream,
And this, is what it seems.

Justice and reverence still,
Bend to the world your will.

APHORISMS: AXIOMS

Whoso the gods fears !
 Few are his peers !
But who laughs them to scorn !
 Better were he unborn !

Man is a casket ;
Out of which many rich gifts are born !
 The age is the chooser—
The rest is but unearned corn.

The man within the woman still—
 The woman in the man—
Not one alone, but diverse two,
 Within the one we scan.

God, himself a worker !
 A worker Man decrees !
The Devil, still a shirker !
 The shirking man deceives !

APHORISMS: AXIOMS

After all a pack of lies !
 So we scale ourselves to heaven
Truth amid the vision flies !
 To its search we're gladly given !

In what niche Thy Life is cast ?
 In what nook or corner ?
Look Thou seize and hold it fast !
 'Ware of any Scorner !
If he say "Thy aim is false !
 All thy arrows awry !"
Hold Thou still thy own true course !
 Hold it till thou die !
Then from off that vantage ground,
 Of thy last, true resting-place ;
Ask him "Who was truest found ?"
 He will never dare Thee face !

Naked came the world to God,
 "Clothe me, Lord, ashamed am I."
Quoth the good Lord, "Poetry,
 Be Thy robe and mystery."

APHORISMS : AXIOMS

Eat, when hungry !
Drink, when dry !
Jest, if able !
Never will you sigh :
“ Life is deceiving,
Labour a grieving,
Love unbelieving,
Better 'twere to die.”

Clean and healthy built—
There is small sense of guilt.

He who would health know ?
Must near the sun grow.

Chaste and cleanly still—
Firm is then thy will.

Form and Body still,
Betray the tone and will.

APHORISMS : AXIOMS

A boy are you ; a maiden she ?
Desire shall fill you as the sea !
But beware, for borne away,
Many a bark is wrecked ere day !

Proud you are that you are built—
Firmly, strongly, man complete—
Then beware, no sense of guilt,
Rob thee of thy planted feet !

Would you love a woman ?
See that you are human !

It is your ancestors, not you,
That lend you wit to write.

The Planet is small: wide are the chords of
sympathy:
But the word of "Necessity" outspeeds all.

APHORISMS : AXIOMS

Reason in a poet !
Poetry in reason !
Neither, well we know it,
Has either rhyme or reason !
Things in season, reason !
Reason has its season !
Neither out of season,
Can in reason, reason.

Order : Justice : Law :
These the strong man draw !
But the weak, alas !
Let these unseized pass.

Equality—
Aristocracy—
Inequality—
Democracy—
Many a conflict,
Here I see,
Time, O Man,
Prepares for Thee.

APHORISMS : AXIOMS

'Tis a small Planet whereon, the Races are swarming
and growing !

Far too small for the Hunters who boldly its honey
would steal !

But since to this One they're confined and its master-
ship all would possess !

Wisdom : Union and Strength, that Mastership still
must decide !

Sons of the Ancient Mother : half grown ; but just
born or in seed ;

That the fittest survive is the Law ! see ye that the
Fittest ye breed !

LINES

FLOWER and worm and man and beast,
Are common members of a feast ;
And as flower and brute must die,
So man must cease. Mortality,
Is the common lot of all,
Howsoe'er they peak and call,
" I am of immortal brand
Different from the sea and land,
The only member of the feast
Who is at once both god and beast.
And these claims I will affirm,
Till I'm eaten by the worm.
Worms may feast upon the shell,
But my soul in heaven shall dwell,
Contrary to Nature's laws
Just because I have no claws.
The idea, mine alone,
Is my title to the throne,
If it were not true, why should
I on the Idea brood ? "

FREEDOM

SET in a little island in the sea,
Thy shrine, O Freedom ! o'er a dark world shines,
Teaching of sternest laws the liberty,
Though 'neath their lessons, many a weak soul pines.
The liberty of Chaos is not Thine !
That wild unhallowed sea of endless change,
That would devour all monuments that time,
Has builded through the ages as they range.
Rather the stern and steadfast soul of Hope,
Gleaming afar across the angry sea ;
That rescues those, who know Thy range and scope,
Is but to shape by law, the man to be.
Not the deep springs of Nature's founts to change !
But only order those that lawless range.

ENGLAND

I

THE conquests of the mighty world to date,
Are briefly chronicled in lying time !
Sunk 'neath the pitiless blows of Fate !
And buried in old metre and old rhyme !
Thou buildest deeper England ! Thou hast set,
Thy wide foundations in a base more firm !
Justice and Liberty that in Thee met,
Have given you rights, that in fresh rights return !
In this stern world of strife wherein we live,
Slow growing from the forest to the star ;
Thy firm, sure hand, the first real gifts didst give
To Nations tossèd on the bed of war !
Rude though Thy liberty may be as yet !
Wide-growing Time, shall on it higher set !

ENGLAND

II

ENGLAND ! Thou standest alone. Thy busiest care
Is to keep safe Thy old, unrifled nest !
But if Thy seed in peace you would uprear,
And send abroad, deep nurtured at Thy breast ?
Thou must reform Thy own vexed world at home,
As well as cast Thy strength upon the seas !
For many deep injustices atone,
To bribe the Fates that are so hard to please.
A dual duty is Thy duty now !
Within, without, the foes that threat Thy peace !
And dangerous as are they that threat Thy brow ;
They're not less so, because of home-bred ease !
If You would Empire hold, retain, reform ;
The times are stern and nations madly torn,
From old fixed spheres, see you to new also are born.

ENGLAND

III

ARM ! Arm ! O England ! lest Thy hostile foes,
Confederate and banded all together,
Invade Thy shores with a resistless power !
No longer does the silver sea enclose—
No longer are they tied by windless tether,
Delaying for gales, to fill each canvas tower !
But given the swelling Hour and confident tide,
Of opportunity and warlike guile,
Of long-prepared, premeditated plan :
They'll draw their legions from the planet wide,
Seeking the sack of Thy unconquered Isle—
No more a fortress nature made for man,
But open as doorless tower or unfenced land,
To those who come, if Thou, too long unarmed dost
stand !

ENGLAND

IV

CONFEDERATE, O England ! Thou hast sown,
The seed of mighty Empires yet to be—
At cost of many a heavy groan,
Thy Empire is stretched out from sea to sea !
Yet, since the unseen divisions of dark Fate,
May rend asunder all the fabric piled,
Unless close knit, Thy hand stretch out as great,
As is the roof above Cathedral aisled :
Delay not to make fast those bonds of blood
That now unite Thee with Thy children's children !
That when Thy foes upon Thee bear in flood,
Each link may stand the strain upon it driven.
Before the tempest bursts, unite those bands,
Or learn to fear division in Thy lands !

ENGLAND

V

ENGLAND ! Thou needst not call Thy ancient dead,
Who sleep within their soft green mounds at rest !
Their strife is over and their spirit shed :
Leaving alone to Thee their high bequest !
As many great men in Thy world around,
Await the Time, new problems still to face,
As lived within Thy deep sea's roaring sound,
At any ancient time of Thy old race !
The problem and the time produce the man—
The deeds and their fruition bring the book—
And who hath eyes, the present time to scan,
But feels those problems on his Spirit look ?
But waits the swelling Hour to see it birth,
The fulness of Thy heritage on earth ?

ENGLAND

VI

'Tis time, O England, that the Pilot came !
Dark storms of Fate encompass Thee around !
And lightnings from no distant future flame !
And warily Thy foes debate if Thou art sound ?
The huddled sheep that drift before the storm,
Are not more helpless than a flock of men :
Out of Thy loins, believe, the man is born,
Foredoomed by Fate to take the shifting helm !
Thy great proconsuls that across the deep,
Proclaim the breed as mighty as of old ;
Examples stern are to Thee in Thy sleep,
Of what you were, and might be, if but bold ?
The nerveless Captains that command Thee now,
Are fit but to write shame upon Thy brow !

ENGLAND

VII

No island story in the page of Fame,
Blazoned in letters bright of honest praise,
More worthy is, or free of weighting shame,
Than Thine, O England, old in Freedom's ways !
Told it has been in many a famous story,
That shall outlive all record else of Thine—
Preserving bright Thy golden days of Glory,
When all beside is sunk in swallowing Time !
Yet, though Oblivion's days to come, must come—
Since all is mortal that in air doth peer :
Before the records of Thy deeds are done—
Or voiceless is in Thee, the bard and seer—
Heroes of mould more ripe and bards more sweet,
Shall gild the realms, Thy first great bards did greet !

ENGLAND

VIII

ENVIRONED art Thou, with a ringed sea,
Of foes that seek to search Thee, through and through !
But if but true unto Thyself Thou be,
There is not One of Them his will can do !
The sturdiest trees and mightiest in their make,
That can resist a thousand tearing winds,
On loftiest peaks are found to groaning take,
The Boreal blasts of winters and of springs.
So is it with Thee—earth's tempests shake Thee now—
And winter's storms, Thy long deep summer threat—
But bend although Thou may'st about Thy brow !
Thy war-scarred bole shall yet the tempest cheat !
Not all their storms can uproot Thee from where
Thy roots, firm fixèd, strike, in Freedom's rock-nursed
lair.

ENGLAND

IX

BROODEST Thou, O England, o'er the ruins vast,
That mark the site of Empires of old time?
The sanded gulfs of Tyre and Carthage past?
Or old Ionic stories told in rhyme,
Of peoples and of powers that could not last?
Doth the mortality of all things weigh,
Upon Thy Spirit, with the Thought o'er cast,
That all things seeding, droop to their decay?
If so, throw from Thee that unworthy thought!
Look rather on the sightless times to be!
The mystic oracles of Nature wrought,
From hidden shrines of Destiny!
The strife of stirring worlds that feel anew,
The planet's springsap through their veins renew!

TO THE COLONIES

Nor that you sent your sons to freely fight,
And shed your blood for sake of kith and kin !
But that in you we saw our ancient might,
That served in far-off ages now but dim !
The head and hand, concentrating with the heart,
Built up this famous, ancient isle of ours !
We did not fearful from our burdens start—
Nor measure out in talk the fatal Hours !
A lethargy lies on us, soul and sense—
In peaceful ruts we take our careless way—
And lightly think with foresight to dispense,
So great the power which we in pride survey !
To teach the bitter lesson of contempt,
Was worth the fighting legions that you sent.

AUSTRALIA

No desert land, Australia, art Thou !
But rich with all increase of human wealth !
Wearing upon Thy sunny Southern brow,
The diadem of Youth and Joy and Health !
Like a young stripling eager in the race,
Whose eyes undarkened see not storms to come !
You stand secure and confident in place,
Though war and conquest should forever run,
Before the footsteps of man's path on earth !
Yet rather yours the conquests of the sun !
The making fertile of Thy plains of dearth !
The fashioning of miracles to come !
The making, with the Art of times to be,
An Eden of Thy land from sea to sea !

NEW ZEALAND

FAR off, alone Thou liest, rich and rare—
Like a hung jewel in the pendent seas :
Nor greatly for old customs dost Thou care—
Nor strive o'erhard a difficult world to please !
But dowered with beauty of the Gods Thou liest,
Like a young giant in the Tropic sea,
The years awaiting which must give ere diest,
Another century from off Time's tree,
The mastery of ancient folk and wild,
Sea islanders unto Thy growing hand.
At present but a strong and sturdy child,
You grasp a link in Britain's world-wide band !
Art, Freedom, yet shall teach Thy land to be,
The home of greater races Time shall see.

THE LESSER JEWELS

AMID the splendid setting of a crown,
Full many an unseen jewel lustre sheds !
Nor do men mark each single feather down,
The cygnet o'er her burnished bosom spreads !
Yet when the tale is told in full, complete,
In storied history's golden page of glory,
Full many a song will tell in numbers sweet,
Of deeds heroic, lent by ye to story.
Not the unnumbered masses of mankind,
That drift bewildered o'er the planet's round,
Doth verse best love ! but those who to their kind,
Have been by deeds heroic closely bound !
Full many such Thy scattered garland bears,
And of all these, all mankind are the heirs.

CANADA

FROM sea to sea a crown of fiery splendour
Sets nightly on Thy rest. The far North calls,
With voice mysterious, to the souls that render
Their answer mute to whatsoe'er appals,
Man's spirit in the frozen Polar waste.
Southward and West Thy teeming granaries raise,
Beneath the ardour of Thy summer's haste,
Wheat and the tasseled glory of the maize.
Instinct o'er all the spirit of new life,
Impatient of an Empire's dawning days ;
The stir doth make, as of a giant's strife,
That crowns with martyrdom its hard-won praise.
The Spirit intense Thou hast of thy far North,
And the rich soil to bud its genius forth.

THE ANGLO-SAXON

As visible as the clear sun in the heavens—
Or as the ocean to the mariner—
Is the stern fact, that over all Thy realms,
Where'er Thy swarming masses hive and stir ;
A gage is thrown into the world ;
Claiming its spaced fields of Time Thine own,
To spread Thy liberty in undisturbed :
A gage plucked up, as quickly as 'twas thrown.
To do this and abate one jot of power,
Will make it good, is to be bravely foolish,
Finding no means to ends desired or lower,
Be cowardly in Thought unto Thy wish.
Your ends being right—be right like honest men,
And find the means—lest Time the ends condemn.

TO OUR NATURAL ALLIES

SWEDE, Dane, Norwegian, Portuguese and Swiss !
Rock sheltered in your fastness strength at home—
Old veterans of Freedom's warlike kiss,
Who 'mid the strife of races held your own :
Were old days here, you might have done so still ;
And sternly prompt upon thy mountain slopes,
Have taught the conqueror to tame his will,
As backward rolled his legions and his hopes !
But now new worlds we live in : Science masters,
The realms of earth and air, of sea and land :
And Time's large wallet, full of all disasters,
To those who would her changing will withstand,
Hangs over ye. From these would ye be free ?
Ye must unite with those who free with you would be.

TO THE CONTINENT

DREAM not, O Continent, Thy world in arms
Will ever see Old England on her knee
Sueing for peace ! Sound still Thou may'st alarms,
And send Thy boastings over land and sea !
Thou hast not touched, the last, least bit of strength,
In England's loins, till Thou hast humbled all
Her swarming progeny o'er the breadth and length
Of the wide planet's range. The armèd call,
Of Freedom blown, from mountain, plain and height—
The strength of Her embattled Thought and aim—
Her stern, proud valour and her undimmed sight,
Shall Liberty once more to men acclaim—
Shall one step more toward that vision take,
Which only war's pale star secure can make.

THE UNITED STATES

LIKE a bold youth who only has been met,
In wrestling throws, by village boys at home ;
And thinks that once upon his feet well set,
His strength will serve to keep unharmed each bone !
Yet knows not that when time and tide shall meet,
To launch him in the larger world without,
He'll find it difficult to keep his feet,
Unless he think as boldly as he shout.
So stands our cousin land across the seas—
Full confident in number and in size,
That it will overcome the world with ease—
And make the old lands open wide their eyes !
But old eyes open quick these modern days :
The world's no child, still milking ancient ways,
But growing apace in power alike new worlds surveys.

EASTERN EUROPE

ANCIENT and old ! rich in romance and love !—
Girdled by circling enemies without !—
A congerie of nations Thou dost move
Upon Thyself ; with many a cry and shout !
Restless, uneasy, as the vortex waves,
That turn and circling on each other waste,
That strength that only inly centred, saves.
The world leaves Thee, expanding in swift haste,
O'er many a desert land and hungry place.
Yet still Thou liest where old tides meet strong—
And still old questions dost in eddies chase !
Intent alone on rival right and wrong !
Awake ! the tide that sets the wide world free,
Already overhangs what moves in Thee.

FRANCE

USELESS it is, O France, the Sceptre passes—
The torch of Freedom carried round the world,
No more its bright flame in thy conquests glasses :
Races more strong lie threatening o'er Thee curled.
Thy Empire draw : concentrate strength at home—
Uncolonisèd colonies but drain !
Few friendly eyes are on Thy weakness thrown,
And those most friendly you in pride disdain.
What will the Teuton leave Thee of thy fields ?
Or what the Slav whose sombre smile you seek ?
A foe more generous homage due you yields,
For gifts of race that bore you to the peak.
Freedom's stern children ; they alone will leave
Fair France intact ; that she new Forms conceive,
To light the Commonwealths their legions weave.

GERMANY

LEARNED and deep, O Teuton ! but remember,
Thou but the rearguard of the army art !
Nor hope the flanking vanguard to dismember—
Nor cope with nations that from Thee did start !
Seek not Thy realms to found where Freedom lies !
Such gifts as She can give may not be Thine,
While 'gainst Thy flank the old barbarian strives—
Mongole and Russian that in one combine.
Whilst Thou art dreaming on the Saxon world ;
A wrestler strong that in his vision sees,
Renowned names laid low—the horde is hurled,
Upon Thee from far Eastern plains that freeze,
All life on which they flow. Watching they wait,
To seize the moment of Thy weakened Fate.

RUSSIA

TREACHEROUS and full of guile She leans far down,
With greedy gaze upon the world below :
Chilling with icy shadow of her frown,
The nations she has gathered to her bow !
Pole and Livonian, Finn and many a one,
That tremble 'neath the sweep of her wide net ;
No longer joy in Freedom that they won,
Of old in battles in far ages set !
Language and Thought, Religion, Life and Health,
She withers with her shadow where it falls !
Sapping the vitals of fair Freedom's wealth !
Stifling the cry that from the casemate calls !
An avalanche that icy cold and slow
Creeps stealthily upon all vales below.

THE SLAV

DOUBTLESS, O Slav, you would like to make
The world your own and bend it to your will ?
But pebbled stones must many a wearing take,
Ere you can ripe your patience, strength and skill !
Thy means unto such ends too simple are !
So dreams the peasant he his lord will shake—
So dreams the wizard he controls the star—
You will but all our sleeping strength awake !
The world moves from Thee ; hasten ere too late !
Or when upon our launched ship we sail,
Into the deep wide future's seas elate,
With conquests that with Nature shall prevail,
To build us higher in the growing scale !
Your foot to leap the breach, will not avail !

LIVONIA

WHEN comes the time, Livonia, and the Hour,
For which well counselled you in silence wait—
When backward reels the giant in her power,
And freemen's blows are hammering on the gate,
Then strike, and hard, and let all Europe know
You cast your lot with nations that are free.
Fear not the event, her overthrow
Is certain as the tides that move the sea.
Not are we as we were ! the tides that carry
The wild world onward to unreckoned change
Are all omnipotent, though bandits harry
The rearward files who combat weary range.
On that great world tide on which all are borne
Secure ye float toward the common morn.

AFRICA

RICH, dark and strange, beneath the Tropic sun,
Ranging afar, East? South, and North and West!
Last of the Planet's daughters born to come
Beneath the plowshare of our world's unrest!
What destiny or dark or bright comes with the years?
Man's hand is on Thee! Will his tillage yield
The old stern crops he gathered from Thy peers?
Within Thy many races unannealed,
Lie darker problems than our skill has pressed!
And Destiny's stern riddles none may read,
May breed still other than our soul has guessed!
Meantime the Hours their daily lessons breed—
And Liberty, Law, Justice, Art, must prove
If your dark world give more of hate or love?

ASIA

HOARY, unravelled, wrinkled, aged with guilt !
Subtle and cruel as the wit of man,
Sharpened by lust and age long power may be !
How many rivers of blood have flown to gilt
Thy splendid thrones, stretched out from sea to sea ?
Dark womb of man's first birth, in vain we scan
Thy kingdoms to detect one change in Thee !
Yet man imperishable who mars,
Thy beauty most in his decay—does change—
'Neath Europe's order slowly die Thy wars—
'Neath Europe's progress slowly must you range !
From Thee we came—to Thee we now return—
Either to mend Thee or with fire burn.

ON CERTAIN POLITICIANS

BORN to be right : with high intensive minds,
Idealising types no men may know—
The Truth they seek in each extreme that blinds,
Impatient of the middle where men go !
Of old by Shakespeare was the truth well said :
“ Between the endless jar of right and wrong
Doth Justice lie.” And well have men been led
By those who knew this truth, of deed or song !
But these, like unbacked, proud, disdainful colts,
Would spurn the harness of the war-racked world !
Head all impossible and wild revolts,
That fly false banners in half lights unfurled—
Under hot zeal would set whole worlds on fire,
And ruin kingdoms to have their desire.

THE PEOPLES

Busy amid the loom you weave your threads :
And each spells out its colours bright and strong ;
Unrecking where the Master near you treads,
Watching, with glance amused, the passions throng,
Yet neither hinders he nor fault doth find ;
But rather adds a touch, where touch is needed :
The Master genius of our mixed mankind ;
Labouring himself where'er man shapes are seeded.
Through all some dim, vast purpose works its way,
That needeth all : that all its need doth teach !
That breaks alike within the ocean spray,
And in the words which men to men do preach !
Though break the thread ; though here and there it thin ;
The broad design no rent appears within.

WAR

THE war-scarred surface of the bleeding earth,
That quarrels breeds through greed of growing man,
Must many a conflict see of destined birth,
Ere looking on the earth one state we scan.
So long as boundaries do men divide,
Of language, thought, or customs ill or good—
So long as one half do in progress stride,
Adding fresh evils to the multitude
Already borne—changing but shape and hue—
So long as beauty's shadow, evil, lurks,
Unmastered by all craft that men may do—
Forth peering fresh from latest, newest works—
So long will opportunity debate,
Distinctions that defer the common state.

RACIAL GENIUS

To every nation growing on the earth,
Doth time and tide bring freight of deed or song !
Some in the spirit of a sun-burned mirth,
Their genius give in laughter, light and long !
Others there are who high and stern in hope !
Foregathering with destiny to come—
Impatient are while 'neath the heavens' cope,
A deed remains ; heroic and undone.
The sweet earth that each spring doth all renew
Hath room for each and neither will deny !
Though each look scantily at each other's view,
And true to nature, doth its claims decry !
Yet nature prompting both, than either wiser,
Loads each with gifts, though each in part denies her.

ON BLAKE'S PICTURE

Out of the gloom and dark eclipse behind,
Between the rows of crucified and dead—
Slow trampling with light rein upon their kind,
The war-worn conquerors are destined led.
The iron instruments of Nature's hand,
To build up order 'mid our chaos blind—
Inscrutable as Fate—a filèd band,
That in ranked rows stretch out to night behind.
The centre Cæsar, calm and fixed as Fate—
Young Alexander on his right hand riding—
To left Napoleon, still with strife elate—
Scarce cold from victory—these fresh warriors hiding.
Slowly their reign goes, years still yet to come,
Must swell the ranks of those great conquerors dumb.

ON TURNER'S PICTURE

Mocking, I hear Ulysses' loud voice still
Sounding across the rapid widening breach,
Between his warlike galley and the beach :
Crying, "O Giant Polyphemus will
You feed still on the Greeks within your reach?
Look round about! Take up some groaning man!
Beside thy bulk he measures but a span!
And sweet his juices, as your past feasts teach!
What roar you? Silent is the mountain high!
Listen, derisive mockings from the Greek,
But late your guest, re-echo from the sky!
Nature is moved to mirth! Ulysses gleek,
Whom late you thought to roast, sounds in your ears!
Is that him standing on yon mountain peak?
Or Hellas bound, taunts he, with loss of sight, not
tears?"

THE UNKNOWN FUTURE

THE miracles that building time may make,
Lie hid beyond our foresight and our fear !
Lest deep imagination's power should shake
The safety of our growth upon the sphere.
Could man, that miracle, see miracles to come,
Or gaze upon the greater men to be ?
See shifting change through mounting spirals run ?
Or questions old through new-shaped garments flee !
His Spirit would be taken from him quite,
His reason would by reason baffled be,
His seeing would be darkened by his sight,
His Will, be Will-less made by Will to be,
He would no care take of the coming morrow,
And all his life be passed in useless sorrow.

UNITY

THE Spiritual and the Amative close allied
Attend each other, on each other wait !
Our Spirits lifted up on lofty pride,
On spiritual visions rise elate.
Our other senses active then prepare,
To assert the dues that 'long to their estate.
For whatsoever in this world so rare,
Hath being, Being must perpetuate—
Hath life, that life to keep must subtly plan.
Lest false division, unproposed by Fate,
But frailly decreed by self-hurting man :
Quite inner Unity, ruinate,
Both Unity and Unity's degrees,
Being injured by man's fair but false decrees.

FRAGMENTS

DETACHÈD fragments of strange things to be,
Visit the soul of man upon the earth.
Out of far space and time the mystery
Of origin and destiny and birth !
The Cause of the Creation and its end,
And what part in the game is his to tread ?
Infinite instincts that his fate transcend,
So long as he upon the sphere is bred.
Yet from the panorama of the spheres,
And from the genius of evolving man,
That into Nature ever round it peers,
Catching faint hints of some far mystic plan ;
From these such broken hints as we may bear
May yet be visible upon the sphere.

THE GREATEST WORK

As the most skilful worker leaves one theme,
To await the ripening of his growing powers ;
On which through busy labours he doth dream,
Forerunning in thought the yet undated Hours :
So Man, that miracle of Nature's Art ;
Corivaling her with greatness of his own :
Modelling upon the Whole, his scarce seen Part :
Learning that nought in her he may disown :
Expendeth his first skill, unripened art,
Upon those things around his vision strewn :
Out of the flower and brute doth learn to start,
Figures more perfect than by Nature hewn ;
But through his mind runs still the silent thought,
When that his art by skill in these is wrought,
Upon himself he'll turn, the power, that time has
brought.

A PORTRAIT

OUT of the gleaming North, a vision old !
A fair bright youth wrapt round with glory's haze !
Of old time in stern armour he had tolled
The knell of many a maiden's homespent days.
But now the icy North had sent him forth !
A meteor of our stormy modern times !
Stirred by the common wrongs of South and North,
With Spirit tempered by his icy climes.
Rich as the peach blossom was his cheek !
Hardly had down upon his chin appeared !
Yet destiny on tyrants would he wreak ;
And prisoners by his presence had been cheered.
True to the stern temper of these days :
Careless of death and scornful of all praise.

THOUGH ART AND SCIENCE

THOUGH art and science to new times succeeding,
Regenerate the earth on which we live !
Though time to come see men more like God's
breeding,
And gifts more rich, fresh new-won fields do give !
Though then upon the cloud-kissed earth there rest,
Small likeness of the things that men now see !
Though rich mortality upon more golden quest,
Than war consume its spirit-of-life-to-be.
Though everything that is, is strange,
And new-shaped spirits freshly mould our clay,
Though deeper than thought may dive, new life doth
range,
And make upon the earth, new heaven, new day !
Though this be so and more, yet must these still,
War with each other, Fate and their own Will.

SMOOTH AS

SMOOTH as the peach blossom his cheek,
Did but his tender years betray to view,
Almost as they out of his lips would speak,
Saying he was but tender, young and true !
Untired in the busy world's dark ways !
Almost as fresh in moral as in hue !
Tendering but yet the accents sweet of praise,
To that sweet world from out whose veins he grew.
Lithe too and slender, promising more size,
Though none could wish him other than he were :
Lest they should rob some sweet from out their eyes,
That flourished in his tender springtide air.
Yet what he would be, that must they surmise,
Such summer looked from his young April eyes.

VILLAIN FANCY

Villain Fancy I would move Thee !
Come a chant to those who love me !
Or if none such folk do live ?
I unto myself will give,
 Bravest fancies free.
Who would the world engirdle round,
With a wall of brass to found,
 Fairest cities free ?
Were it not by Fancy sworn,
That e'er some day peeps o'er the dawn,
 Such cities will be.

Still foolishly we turn around,
Dreaming nothing can be found,
Ever on the sphere to be,
Save such things as we agree,
 In solid measure be.
But Fancy light-hearted at dawn,
Laughs such dullard thought to scorn,
 Saying they shall be.
By a solemn oath in heaven,
Fancy's sprite to man has given,
 This bold promise free.

VILLAIN FANCY

For Fancy, fond and foolish wight,
With the world could ne'er agree,
Therefore has she sworn that we,
Stranger things than this shall see,

When poor Fancy's free.

Then let us crown poor Fancy's head,
With a garland, she shall wed,

Reality to be.

Harder things than this have been,
On the planet rounded seen,

This we all agree.

THE END



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